

Ringers by jackwabbit

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Spoilers: Stranger Things general knowledge.

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Word Count: 462

Disclaimer: Maybe in the Upside Down, I own Stranger Things, but somehow, I doubt it.

It happened by chance.

She and Max had come upon them in the courtyard quite by accident.

But when they saw what was going on, they stopped to look.

Max nodded at the table.

"What'cha doing?" she asked, eyeing each of the four boys at the table in turn.

"It's a game," said the one in green.

Max rolled her eyes. "I can see that," she said.

"Yeah, I think we got that part," agreed El, mimicking Max's head tilt and stance.

The guy in red explained more. "It's called Dungeons and Dragons," he said. "You fight monsters and demons and things."

"Oh," said Max, sharing a secretive grin with El.

Red was apparently the talkative one, because he plowed on. "See, the Dungeon Master, that's Steve," he said, pointing at another guy in grey, "he sets it all up and tells us what we're doing and we roll these

dice and..."

He was suddenly interrupted by the last boy at the table.

And it was this one, the one in blue, who doomed them all, as he sneered at them and remarked, "and it's not for girls."

Max just stared at him for a moment, then, as if they were one being, both she and El swung a leg over the bench around the table and sat down.

"You don't say," said El, staring at the boy in blue.

"I do say," he retorted.

"Care to make a bet on that?"

Blue raised his eyebrows at El, then Max. "What? You guys think you can play?"

Max snorted. "First of all, genius, we're girls. And second, hell yes we can."

"I'm in," agreed El with a shrug.

"But we already started," whined Blue.

"Not by much," said Red, smiling at Max.

Green shrugged. "And this is a one shot."

"I could restart with a larger group. Add one or two characters. Wouldn't be a big deal," said the DM.

"Seriously," said Blue, "you guys wanna let them play?"

The other boys all looked at each other and nodded, excited to have new blood at the table. Especially that of the female persuasion.

"Fine," snarled Blue. "It'll just prove my point anyway."

"Alright," said Max, rubbing her hands together. "Let's do this. Pass me a character sheet and let's get this show on the road."

The four boys shared a look at Max's words, realizing for the first time that they might be in trouble.

Five hours later, when the game ended and most of their characters were badly injured (or dead in the case of Blue, due to a sudden nasty shift of the dice against him that no one could explain but Max seemed to find hilarious) and both Max's and El's were sitting pretty, they knew they'd been right.